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Horticultural.

PEARS BY THE BLOSSOMS.

BY PROF. W. J. BEAL, LANSING, MICH.

From the Proceedings of the American Pomological Society for 1881.

It was my privilege to demonstrate, at our last meeting, held in Rochester, N. Y., that the different varieties of apples may be described and classified by their flowers alone.

I have recently attempted a similar work in reference to the flowers of pears. As in apples, so in pears, the persistent tips of the calyx have formerly been and are still employed in describing these fruits. The lobes of the calyx vary in several respects in the different varieties, in their length, breadth, and the direction they take.

As a general thing, I find the petals of pears are smaller than those of apples. The petals of different varieties vary in shape and size in the same manner.

The stamens of apples and pears are generally twenty in number for each flower, and are of four different lengths; the longest in any one flower being about one third longer than the shortest. The longest and oldest stamens form the outside row, and the shortest the inside row.

The latter are attached a little farther down the calyx tube than any of the others. The two rows of intervening stamens are between the extremes in their length and places of attachment.

The set of shortest stamens are placed opposite the lobes of the calyx. There were twenty-five each in two flowers examined. In one flower I counted twenty-seven. In several varieties it was not an uncommon thing to find 21, or 22, or 23, or 24 stamens, in which cases no definite order could be made out in regard to their lengths or places of attachment, though they varied in these respects. In some varieties the filaments are short, in others, long; in some stout, in others slender.

The stamens of the Kirtland pear were the longest of any seen. The longest set of these were nine millimeters, or about three eighths of an inch. The shortest stamens seen were those of White Doyenne. These were five millimeters, or about three and one-half sixteenths of an inch, or about five-ninths as long as those of the Kirtland. The anthers of different varieties vary somewhat in size. The styles of apples unite at the base, forming a stem or style. The styles and the stipes of flowers of different varieties of apples differ in length and diameter. Some are very densely covered with wool or hair; some were perfectly smooth. Between these, in different varieties, we find all intervening stages.

The styles of pear blossoms for a short distance at the base, perhaps one-sixth to one-tenth of their length, are firmly pressed together, but they readily separate. In most cases this portion of the style is slightly hairy. In some cases it is perfectly smooth. The longest styles seen were those of Amire Joanne, and were a trifle over one decimetre or six and one-half sixteenths of an inch in length. The shortest styles seen were those of Howell and White Doyenne, and were over six millimeters, or about one-fourth of an inch in length. The shortest styles were about three-fifths the length of the longest.

The strongest points for describing and classifying apples by their flowers are found in the styles and their stipes. In pears these are their weakest points.

I have examined the flowers of about thirty varieties of pears, and these were mostly obtained in one orchard, that of H. E. Bidwell, Plymouth, Michigan. This is the orchard once owned by President T. T. Lyon. In three instances, flowers were examined from two different localities.

I have not thought the differences in their flowers were prominent enough to warrant much work in classifying pears in this way. I have gone far enough to become convinced that the flowers should be described in connection with a description of every variety. In most cases, the description of the flowers might not be of much practical use, but in some cases it certainly would.

The Bidwell Strawberry.

In the report of the proceedings of the American Pomological Society, we find the following concerning the Bidwell strawberry, which has been the object of so much controversy:

Dr. Hexamer. It has only been grown in Michigan and one or two localities at the east; not sufficient to give a decided opinion about it.

A. J. Caywood, of New York. It is one of our most promising varieties. The fruit is abundant and good. It will always bear, and is very uniform.

Robert H. Gardner, of Maine. The American Agriculturist spoke of it as raising very high expectations, so much so that myself and some of my friends have been sending for quantities of the plants to set out this year.

Samuel Hape, of Georgia. We have fruited the Bidwell twice, down with us. It stands the Bidwell well. Perhaps the berries are a little more uniform in size, and not quite as large as the Sharpless. It is very promising.

Mr. Hayes, of Connecticut. It produces an abundant crop in Connecticut of good berries, uniform in size, and of very fair quality. It seems to be very promising as an early berry.

P. M. Augur, of Connecticut. As the Bidwell is in its infancy yet, and has generally had good culture, can any one conjecture how it will do when put into the matted row system, as compared with the Wilson and Charles Downing?

John S. Collins, of New Jersey. I have fruited the Bidwell to a small extent in New Jersey from potted plants, and it did not show the vigor with which other varieties did, side by side with it, Miner's Great Profitable, for instance.

The President. I have grown the Bidwell from potted plants set out last year. It seems to be a very promising variety, very thrifty, a strong grower, but I think unless it is kept in hills it will not do a

well as it would otherwise. Its fruit is apparently good. I should hardly be willing to say that it is of the highest quality from what I have seen of it; but it has an excellent flavor, and the fruit is important characteristic. I think it is a very promising kind.

P. Barry. The foliage has not a very good color.

The President. Mine has, and it is very thrifty. It is on rich, heavy soil. I do not believe it will do to let it grow in matted rows.

P. M. Augur. From what I have seen of the Bidwell, which is very little, I have formed just the opinion which President Wilder has expressed: that kept in hills, with high culture, it bears so profusely that it would be profitable, but where it runs into matted rows, it throws out runners profusely. I think if put into field culture, in the way that strawberries are ordinarily grown, the tendency would be to dwindle down, something as Prouty's Seedling did, which we turned under some time ago.

Professor Dail called for Benjamin Hathaway, who originated the Bidwell, to tell us about it.

Mr. Benjamin Hathaway, of Michigan. In regard to the habit of the plant, it is with me a healthy, strong grower; not the strongest. As to the quality of the fruit, it has that which I like better than almost any other. It is an acid berry, but has plenty of sweetness with it to give it a rich, high flavor. But it is no doubt one of those varieties that succeeds better in hills. It makes an enormous hill when it is properly handled, and the runners kept off, and is productive under that treatment. It came out of the old Virginia Scarlet, and any of you who are acquainted with that plant, the habit of it, its flavor, its color, will recognize, not exactly the same qualities, but qualities resembling that standard berry; and whatever is good in the Bidwell, it has got out of that. It has got other qualities out of other varieties, but that which gives it its great value, its hardness, its productiveness, its persistence, so to speak, in any soils, and under all conditions nearly, it gets from that native variety; and I claim years ago, that whatever strawberry we got that would have a national reputation, must come out of one of the old original strawberries of the country, and this Virginia Scarlet in my hands has produced some quite remarkable results, which, however, are not now under discussion.

The President. I would like to ask whether it ripens uniformly, or with a white tip?

Mr. Hathaway. With me, I have not seen any thin; detrimental to it in that respect, to any extent. Of course, it is very seldom you find berries that ripen so uniformly as not sometimes to leave a white tip; but that is not the habit of the plant.

The President. It will not spoil as quickly as the Wilson, when it is left on the vines, neither will it spoil so quickly when picked to send to market as most large kinds. Do you think it is firm enough and dry enough for transportation?

Mr. Hathaway. I have never taken it to market, so I cannot speak from practical experience; but I think it is very much better to send to market than a good many varieties that we do send, some of them a considerable distance. For instance, the Crescent and the Sharpless. I know that some think the Sharpless is a very good market berry, but think the Bidwell, with me, would stand transportation fully as well, if not better.

Effects of Fertilizers.

Prof. C. A. Goessmann, of the State Agricultural College, delivered before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, at a late meeting, an interesting and instructive lecture on "Fertilizers and the Constituents of Plant Growth." We take the following condensed report from the columns of the Mass. Ploughman:

Prof. Goessmann opened by calling attention to the importance of studying the nature and effect of fertilizers and the value of plant food with reference to mineral constituents, alluding in this connection to the advantages of experiment stations, where the nourishment of plants and the phenomena of their growth could be carefully studied. Rational, modern agriculture recognizes as the foundation of success the strict necessity of restoring to the soil, in an available form, the elements which have been abstracted from it by the growth of the crops. Plants, like animals, may possibly be overfed. He had many opportunities of observing the effects of fertilizers on various plants, during experiments which had been made at the College, the results of which had been to induce the belief that material changes may be brought about in plants by special cultivation. In experiments with grape vines, the fertilized vines were more vigorous than the unfertilized ones, and the leaves generally retained their vitality longer in the autumn. They also repeatedly escaped the serious attacks of mildew, when the rest of the vineyard suffered from it to a greater or less degree. The sugar appeared to be somewhat increased in the fruit from a fertilized Concord grape vine, and in the wild grape was increased in quantity as much as one-third, by fertilizing. This increase of sugar was accompanied by a marked increase in potassa, and at the same time by a decidedly reduced percentage of lime. The influence of fertilization upon the character and composition of the fruit was much more manifest in the wild grape vines than in any of the improved varieties.

Experiments had also been made with strawberries, and the lecturer gave a very interesting account of the changes produced in the Wilder and Downing berries by the application of several different kinds of fertilizing materials. Experiments with peach trees at the College grounds at Amherst were spoken of, showing marked characteristics as resulting from the kind and combination of fertilizers. He had frequently observed that the appearance of disease in plants was owing to certain local causes and to a poverty of the soil in necessary constituents. He had found that the disease trees had twice as much lime as they should have,

and that if putting lime around the roots of diseased trees should do good; it would be only by destroying parasites.

Professor Penhallow gave some results of examination into diseased peach trees. There appears to be two distinct diseases which have been recognized in peach trees—one which is known as the yellows, and another having a close resemblance to the blight on pear trees. The growth and characteristics of the disease in peach trees were described by the speaker, who exhibited diagrams showing the results of microscopic observation on diseased trees. In reply to a question, Prof. Goessmann said that on the first symptoms of the yellows in peach trees, he would mulch the ground about eight feet around the roots of the tree, and then apply three or four pounds of muriate of potassa.

Summer Flowers.

For every man's garden, the plants for satisfaction, continuous bloom and ease of culture are, after the roses, the perennial phlox, the gladiolus, the tropeolum, the geranium, the aster, the sweet-william, Japan lily, petunia, tritoma, hollyhock, zinnia and stock.

The tropeolum in variety is my pride. Delicate, fragrant, floriferous, continuous, it asks the poorest soil you can afford, and its long, trailing stems, which are so apt to be neglected, will do to call it nasturtium (which it is not), nor to allow that its seeds are fit for pickles, if you wish to make it popular. But examine these seeds, and tell me if for gayety and sweetness they can be surpassed—hues varying from the brightest scarlet, orange-yellow, and deep crimson, to mauve and lemon and spotted; always a sheet of bloom; always a rich green bed of vegetation for ground. Pick all you care for: the beds are never exhausted. I would rather have a handful of these refreshing, cheerful and sweet flowers than a peck of dahlias. Art has improved the varieties, until not only in color, but in shading, lining, spotting and tints, the tropeolum rivals the carnation: in delicacy it surpasses that flower. I always reserve two or three beds without manure, and of the poorest soil, for my favorite; for it positively refuses to bloom under high culture. Vegetable beds pass quite out of the prosaic when bordered with the common tropeolum; nor does it quite spoil the romance to gather a pot of pickles from the abundant seeds.

The gladiolus has received high praise, but by no means high enough. Almost hardy, easily kept in a warm, dry place, you can have it in bloom from July till November. Begin to plant the bulbs late in March, or as soon as the ground opens, and continue at intervals till June. I always select those bulbs for first planting that are the most developed, and keep on planting as the sprouts show it to be necessary. If stored in the dark, they can be kept till the last of June without damage. And then how completely is delicacy blended with brilliancy and gorgeousness! Plant them close together in groups, or separately, or mingled with other plants, and every way they are fine. They are particularly fine planted in masses of tropical foliage of canna, ricinus and caladium. No matter how thick the groups, there is still room for a dozen of the slim stalks of gladiolus. They will bloom down to the just-formed bud, if placed in vases; and are certainly, for bouquets, unsurpassed. I intend planting next spring about 800 bulbs in my own garden, so I may have all I want.

The phlox is the great commoner. The best varieties are as tough and determinate as the old and poorer. By moving them in the spring, you get early bloom from the old plants, and late bloom from the shoots sent up by the bits of roots left in the previous beds. I would particularly recommend this plan to those who wish to protect the bloom of their phloxes: Simply transfer the bulk of the plant to another place, and let the roots send up a few shoots from the old bed for later bloom. Our gardeners need particularly to sift their catalogues, and send out a better assorted list of this flower. The true soil to induce perfection and clearness of color, is heavy loam; not sandy nor highly manured nor too compact soil, but a dark heavy loam. The phlox is modified very largely by the ground it stands in.

The hollyhock is getting to be beyond praise. The zinnia, though coarse, is indispensable for brilliant and long-continued bloom. Give it the fatness of the land, and plenty of room. The Japan lily (*Lilium tataricum*) is the most artistic touch of nature; and yet it is hardy and easily multiplied. Give it light, rich soil and a high, dry bed. Mulch it from the sun in summer, and the frost in winter. The lovely aster, always so charming, repays the best of culture, and cannot be too highly manured. The stock should be well mulched if you wish to see it in perfection. The tritoma fills the latest days of autumn. Dignified, royal, brilliant and easily preserved, it will doubtless soon become popular.

Last of all, but among the first to bloom, one of the sweetest pets of the garden, let every one place the sweet-william. Art has hardly improved any other flower as it has improved this. Raise hundreds of plants, and then pass from one to another in admiration, and tell me if you ever get tired of their charming variety and exquisite delicacy. The double varieties are so pure and so brilliant as to be quite essential to a complete collection. No two plants will ever give you exactly similar blooms, but in some way will multiply your pleasures.—*Journal of Horticulture.*

Lime for the Carculio.

Mr. John W. Jones, a very successful farmer near Rochester, reports to the *Hus. bandman* his complete success in protecting plums from curculio by the use of air slaked lime. Three years ago he conceived the idea and applied it after a great share of the fruit was stung. No further depredation was made, and he had a fair crop. The following year he began treatment earlier and had a full crop, although the insect had begun its ravages before he applied the lime. Last year he distributed the lime still earlier, and as the result secured complete immunity from the cur-

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Apriarian.

"Cheap queens" have been the subject of considerable controversy in the *American Bee Journal* recently, and the editor, after allow the pros and cons to be argued at some length, closes the matter as follows:

"We have long held to the opinion that 'the best is the cheapest' with queens, as with everything that is worth a price, and have always been outspoken in our condemnation of the cheap queen traffic. We have not felt the necessity for condemning the breeders of such 'as frauds,' and we have not insinuated anything of the kind, because we know there are honorable men who have dropped the business from honest convictions, having been convinced that the whole thing was wrong. Nor do we feel called upon to give their names, and subject them to criticism for having obeyed the dictates of an honest conscience, preferring rather to let time prove them and ourselves correct. There may be, and probably are, unscrupulous men engaged in breeding and selling worthless queens for tested, but this establishes no point except as to their unfair dealing. When convinced that no better queens can be purchased for a remunerative and fair price than can be bought for one dollar, we shall cease advising our readers to buy only the best, and only from the most discriminating and careful breeders. If the majority of the 'dollar' queens are not as good as the majority of the high priced tested ones, then they are not so cheap.

"We think we were not extravagant in our estimate of the number of cheap queens bred and sold by Mr. Henry Allee, as compared with the 20 years of his experience, as compared with others engaged, and certainly if, in that length of time, he could not determine the value of such queens, and the profit derived from the breeding of them, no one is competent to do so.

"Our honest convictions remain, that the cheap queen traffic has been a detriment to the development and permanence of the better strain of bees, and will yet prove a curse to apiculture in America. To the future we leave the question for settlement, with every confidence that time will sustain us in our position, and the beekeepers of the future will repair the errors of the past and present, and recover the advantage lost by a mistaken economy. Meantime, we drop the question for the present, with the injunction to buy and breed only the best."

Out Door Feeding.

From the *Beekeeper's Magazine* we take I. L. Scofield's (Chezango Bridge) method of feeding bees in the open air.

He makes a box 3 x 3 ft. square, 2 1/2 ft. deep, and hangs two pans, 5 in. deep, 30 in. long, 10 in. wide, down in the top of the box. Cut a door-hole in one side, to put the lamps in under the pans; these are common kerosene oil lamps. Put the bees in the pan, and a float on it, so the bees will not sink it, and get daubed; regulate the lamps so that they will keep the food about 85° to 90° Fahrenheit. Set the box in some sheltered place in the yard; put some boards up, to keep the cold winds from it. Every day the bees can fly with safety, have this feeder ready for their use, the feed quite thin. Sap from the maple tree, with a little Extra "C" sugar added,

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Apriarian.

"Cheap queens" have been the subject of considerable controversy in the *American Bee Journal* recently, and the editor, after allow the pros and cons to be argued at some length, closes the matter as follows:

"We have long held to the opinion that 'the best is the cheapest' with queens, as with everything that is worth a price, and have always been outspoken in our condemnation of the cheap queen traffic. We have not felt the necessity for condemning the breeders of such 'as frauds,' and we have not insinuated anything of the kind, because we know there are honorable men who have dropped the business from honest convictions, having been convinced that the whole thing was wrong. Nor do we feel called upon to give their names, and subject them to criticism for having obeyed the dictates of an honest conscience, preferring rather to let time prove them and ourselves correct. There may be, and probably are, unscrupulous men engaged in breeding and selling worthless queens for tested, but this establishes no point except as to their unfair dealing. When convinced that no better queens can be purchased for a remunerative and fair price than can be bought for one dollar, we shall cease advising our readers to buy only the best, and only from the most discriminating and careful breeders.

MICHIGAN FARMER

State Journal of Agriculture.

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The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1882.

MR. P. W. RYAN is the authorized subscription agent of the MICHIGAN FARMER, and parties can pay money to him at our risk.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week have been only 42,496 bu, while the shipments were 58,568 bu. The visible supply of this grain on March 25 was 12,562,355 bu, against 11,413,000 bu, at the corresponding date in 1881. This shows a decrease in the amount in sight the previous week of 50,569 bu. The stocks of wheat in this city on Saturday amounted to 235,839 bu, against 647,678 bu at the same date last year.

The fluctuations in prices the past week have been light, values declining from \$1.11 for No. 1 white on Monday to \$1.28 on Tuesday, then advancing again until at the close on Saturday, No. 1 white was selling at \$1.30.

Yesterday the market opened strong at an advance over Saturday's prices, and kept advancing until noon, when reports from Chicago being unfavorable, a decline of 1 to 1 1/2 c took place, closing quotations being \$1.30 for No. 1 white and \$1.35 for No. 2 red. The New York market was active and higher, and Liverpool steady and unchanged.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from March 15 to April 3d:

	White	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
Mar 15	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 16	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 17	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 18	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 19	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 20	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 21	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 22	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 23	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 24	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 25	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 26	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 27	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 28	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 29	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 30	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Mar 31	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Apr 1	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Apr 2	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Apr 3	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19

The strength of the market is rather surprising in view of the prospects of the growing crop, and can only be attributed to the small receipts in the face of higher prices, the shortening up of stocks, and the belief now becoming general that the shortage of last season was really greater than any estimate yet given. The department of agriculture has just issued a statement which shows that the deficiency in last season's crop in seven states as compared with that of 1880, was really 44 per cent, or a total of over 38,000,000 bushels. This does not include the shortage in either Michigan or Wisconsin, which was at least 20,000,000 bushels more. Dealers are therefore beginning to look for higher prices before the next crop is available, and it is this which is keeping up prices in the face of a rather light demand.

The following statement shows the prices of futures yesterday, as compared with those of Monday last:

	April	April	April	April
Wheat	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Barley	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Oats	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19
Corn	1.28	1.25	1.22	1.19

The British and continental markets are reported steady, and Liverpool is firmer. The outlook for the growing crop in Great Britain and on the Continent continues very favorable.

The following table will show the prices of wheat and flour in the Liverpool market on Saturday last, as compared with those of one week previous:

	March 25	April 1
Flour, extra State	1.28	1.25
Wheat, No. 1 Michigan	1.28	1.25
Do No 2 spring	1.28	1.25
Do winter Western	1.28	1.25
Do mixed new	1.28	1.25
Do old	1.28	1.25

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn here the past week amounted to 39,675 bu, and the shipments were 3,144 bu. The visible supply in the country on March 25 amounted to 10,414,993 bu, against 14,295,000 bu at the same date last year. The visible supply shows a decrease the past week of 1,428,004 bu. The amount of this grain held in store here on Saturday last was 26,137 bu, against 10,910 bu, at the same date in 1881. The market keeps very firm, and advanced rates are noted in both spot and futures. No. 2 is selling at 73c per bu, against 71c a week ago. For April delivery sales have been made at 73c per bu. The continued decrease in stocks from week to week, and the fact that the high prices are not drawing out sufficient to meet current demands, are making a very strong market, and indications favor even higher rates. In Chicago on Saturday there was an excited market, and those who had been selling "short" were exceedingly anxious to get out as easily as possible. Cash corn advanced to 69c, and rejected do, to 68c per bu. In futures April sold at 67c, May at 73c, and June at 71c. The State Department at Washington furnishes a statement of the crop of wheat and corn in 1880 and 1881, and the relative stocks of each on hand March 20th of each year. It appears from this statement that there is a shortage of 213,000,000 bu. of corn, or 55 per cent, this season as compared with one year ago. This is a far greater shortage than any one has looked for, and has had a strong effect

upon the market. In Toledo on Saturday there was a quiet market, with high mixed quoted at 73c per bu, and No. 2 at 72c. April corn was held at 71c and May at 72c.

Oats were received here the past week to the amount of 24,735 bu, and the shipments were 4,147 bu. The visible supply of this grain in the country on March 25 was 1,759,102 bu against 3,385,000 bu at the corresponding date last year. The stocks held in store here on Saturday were 8,718 bu, against 7,780 bu at the corresponding date in 1881. No. 1 white are in demand at 53c per bushel, No. 2 do at 52c, and No. 1 mixed at 51c. Offerings continue light, and the demand is strengthening the views of buyers. In Chicago oats are strong and higher, No. 1 mixed being quoted at 48c per bu, against 45c one week ago. In futures April sold at 44c to 47c, May at 48c, and June at 48c. In New York on Saturday there was an excited market, and prices were pushed up 3 to 5 c per bu. on the various grades. Mixed western sold at 60 to 63c per bu, and white do at 61 to 65c per bu. Dealers look for continued firmness in this grain.

HOPS AND BARLEY.

No sales of hops are reported in this market the past week, and prices are entirely nominal. Brewers generally depend upon the New York market for what they need, and our market is therefore governed by that one. In New York the trade is dull, and the situation favors buyers. The Bulletin says:

"The actual business passing is of moderate proportions and the demand spiritless. In fact, there seems to be very little call except for low grade goods that may be picked up at 20c or thereabouts. A very fair article seems to be secured at 22 to 23c, and 24 to 25c are the best bids at present for choice goods. The latter are generally held about 3 to 3c above current bids, however, and holders express confidence in being able to secure their figures ultimately, owing to the moderate supply of that class of stock."

Quotations in that market are as follows:

N. Y. state, crop of 1881, choice	24	00
do do do good to prime	23	00
do do do fair to good	22	00
do do do crop of 1880, good to prime	21	00
do do do do do do	20	00
do do do do do do	19	00
do do do do do do	18	00
do do do do do do	17	00
do do do do do do	16	00
do do do do do do	15	00
do do do do do do	14	00
do do do do do do	13	00
do do do do do do	12	00
do do do do do do	11	00
do do do do do do	10	00
do do do do do do	9	00
do do do do do do	8	00
do do do do do do	7	00
do do do do do do	6	00
do do do do do do	5	00
do do do do do do	4	00
do do do do do do	3	00
do do do do do do	2	00
do do do do do do	1	00

Barley was received here the past week to the amount of 18,892 bu, and the shipments were 1,453 bu. The visible supply of this grain in the country March 25 was 1,237,332 bu against 2,139,000 bu, at the corresponding date in 1881. The amount of barley in store in this city on Saturday last was 2,031 bu, against 9,417 bu at the same date last year. There is no change to note in the position of this grain, the light demand being sufficient to keep the market very steady. The least activity in the inquiry would result in an upward movement at all points. Prices range from \$2.10 to \$2.15 for good to choice samples of State. In Chicago the light receipts have caused an advance in prices, and No. 2 cash is now quoted there at \$1.05 per bu, against \$1 a week ago, No. 3 sells at 83c per bu, and No. 4 at 67c. At these prices there was quite a brisk demand. In New York there has also been an advance, and No. 1 Canada sold there on Saturday at \$1.23 per bu, against \$1.16 to \$1.17 one week previous. The outlook is favorable for a strong market for this grain.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The receipts of butter in this market the past week were only 5,113 lbs, while the shipments were 10,750 lbs. With continued light receipts of good butter, prices have again been advanced, and choice stock readily commands 33 to 35c per lb. The higher prices have stimulated the inquiry for the lower and medium grades, and the accumulations of this are being worked off at rates ranging from 12 to 20c per lb. It is safe to say, however, that butter of this description never owed much to the cow, and there is more tallow and lard in its composition than anything else. In Chicago the market is reported firmer and higher for choice, but dull for the lower grades. Fancy creamery is quoted at 41 to 43c, fair to choice do, 35 to 38c, choice dairy at 34 to 36c, fair to good do 25 to 30c, and common grades at 20 to 26c. In New York there has been an improvement in the demand for good to choice lines of late made butter, but rates have not been advanced, fancy State creamery being quoted at 45c, choice do at 42 to 43c, and fair to good at 32 to 41c. The N. Y. Bulletin of Saturday, in its review of the market says:

"The features of the market have not changed, choice goods of all kinds continuing scarce and holders retaining the advantage. Butter has improved somewhat in price, with all the fresh goods sold upon arrival and old stock securing a better outlet. The market has been so quiet that full bids, as receivers think it wise to keep everything in motion at this season of the year, and not force matters too severely."

Quotations for Western in that market have been advanced, and closed as follows:

Western imitation creamery	37	24
Western dairy, choice	37	24
Western dairy, fair to good	36	23
Western dairy, ordinary to fair	35	22
Western factory, choice current makes	35	22
Western factory, fair to good	34	21
Western factory, ordinary	33	20
Roll butter, fine	32	19
Roll butter, ordinary	31	18

The receipts of cheese in this market the past week have been 2,287 lb, with no shipments. Our market maintains a very even line of values, and quotations show no change since our last report, 14 to 15c being paid for the choice State brands, while those of a lower quality sell at 12c to 13c per lb. The demand is wholly local, but seems equal to the light receipts. In Chicago the market is firm, and best grades have been advanced. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream, 13 to 14c; part skim cheddars, choice, 9 to 10c; part skim full cheddars, 9 to 9 1/2c; common to good do, 6 to 7c per lb. In New York the quotations are as follows: Fancy State factory 13c to 13 1/2c, choice State factory 12c to 13c, prime 11 to 11 1/2c, and fair to good, 9 to 10c; prime Ohio flats, 10 to 11c, and best do 12 to 13c. The N. Y. Bulletin of Saturday says:

"Cheese of choice and fancy quality has made an advance on the sharper demand from home buyers, and holders of the few remaining lots are correspondingly jubilant. Other grades have been held in

sympathy, but scarcely moved in proportion, and shippers still seem to lack an incentive to handle the bulk of the supply in the volume holders desired. In brief, the outlook for choice dairy products is very fair, but goods in any way 'off' occupy a doubtful position."

The Liverpool market is quoted higher and firmer, at 62c, 63c, for choice American, as compared with 61c, 62c, a week ago.

THE PORK TRADE.

The Cincinnati Price Current has published its thirty-third annual report of pork packing for the winter season of 1881-82, and from it we take the following interesting items.

The winter season of 1881-82 opened with hogs selling in principal markets at about 25c per hundred gross, and gradually rose to 75c per hundred gross higher than at same date preceding year—an advance of about 37 per cent. There was a general belief in a large shortage in the winter supply. The comparisons in the foreign export of the products have steadily been unfavorable, yet values were maintained at prices generally about 30 per cent above the previous winter. In the latter part of January and early part of February prices of product reached a point which enables those packers who realized on their stocks to make a fair profit. Since then there has been considerable reduction in values, accompanied with variable markets, and now the feeling is one of much uncertainty, though the general feeling as to the outlook is one of confidence on the part of the holding interest. The western packers during the winter falls below that of 1880-81 to the extent of 1,171,696 hogs, the total being 5,747,760—the average weight showing an increase of 806 pounds gross, or 245 pound net, per hog, and the yield of lard 70 to 100 lb per hog, the general comparison being a decrease of 16 1/2 per cent in number, and 15 1/2 per cent in pounds. The production of barreled pork has shown a large increase over last year, but is not equal to that of 1878-80, 1877-78, or 1876-77, and is slightly below the average of six seasons previous to 1880-81. The increase in the winter's manufacture is 155,382 barrels of all kinds of pork, representing 29,583,780 pounds of meat, chiefly sides. The average cost of hogs for the winter packing is \$7.58 per cwt, or \$6.06 per gross, the highest since 1873-74. The increase compared with 1880-81 is \$1.78 net, or \$1.45 gross, per 100 pounds nearly 31 per cent. The number of hogs packed for the year ending March 1, 1882, was 10,531,490, a decrease of 1,631,905 as compared with the preceding year. The increase in the packing of the various Western States during the winter season, November 1 to March 1, as compared with the previous year, was as follows:

Ohio	1881-82	1880-81
Indiana	1881-82	1880-81
Illinois	1881-82	1880-81
Iowa	1881-82	1880-81
Missouri	1881-82	1880-81
Nebraska	1881-82	1880-81
North Dakota	1881-82	1880-81
South Dakota	1881-82	1880-81
Minnesota	1881-82	1880-81
Wisconsin	1881-82	1880-81
Tennessee	1881-82	1880-81

When ROGUES FALL OUT.—A short time ago the Chicago Tribune printed the following:

It is understood that the investigation of the charges relative to the mixing of Hungarian with clover seed has satisfactorily proven that such adulterations have been sold on the market here, and have been purchased and sent south, where the imposition has been discovered, the parties whom it was sent for to pay for or receive it. So far this doctored article has been traced to but one source, and, as has been stated in these columns heretofore, that source is intimately connected with Cincinnati. There is said to be a good deal of this adulterated stuff scattered among the stocks of seed dealers here. How the offender or offenders will be dealt with is not yet known, but it is certain that such a reach of commercial equity, if satisfactorily proven, should be visited with the extreme penalties."

To the above the Cincinnati Price Current responds:

"Cincinnati has one or two bad men in it—perhaps more—and these have had their peculiar qualifications developed by too much knowledge of Chicago. But the city is lacking in men with cheek enough to do what the Chicago press is doing—endeavoring to cover up the nefarious work of its own citizens by bold assumptions that the source of mischief is elsewhere."

It looks as if outsiders would do well to have an eye on both cities. But now that they have commenced "giving each other away" it is likely the swindle will be stopped.

JUDGE GARDNER of Chicago, has decided in a case tried before him recently, that certificates for membership in the Board of Trade are property, and liable to seizure under execution. The decision has created quite a flurry among members of the Chicago Board, as a number of them have since been made defendants in suits brought against them based on this decision. Judge Bledgett, of the U. S. District Court of Chicago, some time ago rendered a decision precisely the opposite of this one, and now the lawyers will have a good time floundering out at the expense of their clients, which decision is correct. Great is the law and the lawyers are its prophets. A certificate of membership in the Chicago Board is valued at \$4,000.

MESSRS. TAYLOR, WOOLPENDING & Co., one of our most reliable dry goods firms, make a new announcement to the readers of the FARMER in this issue. This is a house which every one can visit with both satisfaction and profit. Their stock is always complete and of the newest styles, and it is the strictest one price. It is also one of the handsomest dry goods stores in the West, well arranged and lighted. You will find this firm prompt and reliable in every respect.

CORNELIUS J. VANDERBILT, brother of W. H. Vanderbilt, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head, on the afternoon of the 2nd inst., at the Glenham hotel, New York. It is believed that the rash act was induced by mental derangement brought on by years of suffering from epileptic fits. No other reason could be given, as his financial affairs were said to be in a most prosperous condition.

Mr. Howells, of the Ashland Sentinel, writes from Buffalo to this paper: "I walked around one of the large glucose or corn-sugar factories, and the smell I got of it dispelled my desire for a closer inspection. It is an immense building, seven stories high, and two or three hundred feet square, and every inch of it stinks. It must be too awfully awful in the summer."

Received.

EUROPEAN BREEZES, by Margery Deane. (Marie J. Phipps, Lee & Shepherd, Boston. Thorndike No. 10, Boston.)

This, as its name indicates, is a light, "breezy" account of European experiences, written in a familiar style, illustrating personal habits and peculiarities of the people, narrating incidents of travel, and though going over the usual route of the "American tourist abroad," saying something bright and readable of each noted city or famous river.

PEARSON'S HANDBOOK OF CONVERSATION, MICHIGAN IN SPEAKING AND WRITING CORRECTED, By A. P. Pearson, of Harvard University. Lee & Shepherd, Boston. Thorndike No. 10, Boston.

This little manual contains the author's address to young ladies, Francis Trenche's lecture on conversation, and a resume of the most frequent errors in speaking or writing the "King's English." It will be found useful to those who have acquired careless habits of pronunciation, or whose grammatical knowledge is not grounded on sure foundations.

INTELLIGENCE was received at Washington on the 3rd inst., of the death of Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut, United States Minister to Peru, at Lima, on the 27th ult., of heart disease.

The locating committee of the Michigan State Agricultural Society have decided to hold the next State Fair at Jackson, and the time is September 18th to 23rd inclusive.

A Visit to Fostoria.

GRAND BLANC, Mich., March 5th, 1882.

DEAR SIR—Having just returned from Fostoria, where we paid a long promised visit to our old friend Mr. Thomas Foster, we thought a description of what was seen might be of interest to the readers of the FARMER. At Flint we fell in with Mr. Robert Cockburn, former for Mr. Foster for twelve years, and who superintended the grading and putting down the ties for the extension of the railroad from Otter Lake to Fostoria, a distance of seven miles, Mr. Foster having the contract, and from him gained a good deal of information in regard to the lumbering operations in this vicinity. Mr. Cockburn being on his way to look after the business at Fostoria, the main camp is about ten miles away, but the supplies are furnished from the farm, and what was the original camp at this place. On getting off the train we were surprised to find what at first sight appeared to be a first-class hotel, built on the same plan of the large hotels at Petoskey, but found it to be Mr. Foster's residence and old lumber camp. We found Mr. Foster in rather low spirits, Mrs. Foster having returned to her home in Flint the day before with an attack of fever, from which I have since learned she has nearly recovered. Mr. Smith and wife, who have charge here, are very efficient, business going on the same whether Mr. Foster's people are here or not. Mr. Foster has private rooms, nicely furnished, and set apart for their convenience, and entertainment of guests. There were about twenty men in from camp, and if the residence looked like a hotel on the outside it certainly looked more so on the inside—including farm help made about twenty-five regular boarders, whom Mr. Foster assured us were not very profitable, but could not spare them, as he had hopes of snow, and if so would put the full force to hauling logs. The barns are in rather close proximity to the house, but not so much so as to be objectionable. The main barn is 40x80, with basement under the whole; posts above the basement 24 feet; basement walls 8 feet high, and built of stone, this barn runs north and south. Cornering it and running east and west is another, 30 x 80, with basement, a portion of which is used for root cellar and granary above, the balance for shed and water tanks. Running north again is a shed, 24 x 100 feet, with smaller sheds adjoining, making almost an entire enclosure, and one of the finest yards that can be found. The soil, being somewhat gravelly, is most always dry; the water is supplied from a spring on an elevation about thirty rods above, the same spring supplying the cheese factory near by, and adjoining the depot, about ten rods from the barns. This is one of the greatest profits of the farm; 40 dairy cows are kept and they are of Shorthorn blood, high grades; these are bred to Hereford bulls and the produce shipped west, the half blood bulls bringing about \$80 per head, at one year old. Forty of these are awaiting shipment to Montana, where they have been sold; also about 20 head of older ones coming two or three years; there are also several head of fat steers, and some of the finest ones to be found; one pair of grade Herefords weighing 3300 lbs, coming three years old, are being fed for the Chicago show next fall. A one half blood Devon, that looks like Barrenum's elephant, is six feet high, and weighs 2300 lbs, three years old this month. This steer was purchased in Lapeer county when a calf, and is kept by Mr. Foster as a curiosity; 150 head of cattle are kept here, and about 50 horses, off and on, (changes being made to suit convenience,) between here and the large farm near Flint. The buildings are situated here nearly in the center, as we understood, of the farm, which contains 640 acres. Mr. Foster offers to sell the whole, as he is about through lumbering in this vicinity. It is certainly a very desirable stock farm, and we think can be got at a bargain. Mr. Foster is building some fine little houses to rent, at a cost of from \$700 to \$1000 each; as he owns most, if not all, of the town, the whole will go with the farm.

We next called on the Hon. Enos Goodrich, who has perhaps, done more for the farming interests in this vicinity than any other man, unless it be Mr. Foster. He came here from Goodrich, Genesee County, about 20 years ago, where he had been engaged for years in mercantile pursuits, also owning the flouring mill and running a farm adjoining business. He has heretofore 600 acres of choice beech and maple land, with the exception of a few acres of cedar swamp, which is likely to prove as valuable as any, for the posts are getting in great

NEWS SUMMARY.

Michigan.

A musical institute was held at Millington last week.

Dr. A. S. Knapp, of South Lyon, died there on the 31st ult., after a long residence.

During last week 3,817 cars crossed the St. Clair River at the Grand Trunk crossing.

The Bellevue Gazette has been sold to G. S. Perry, by its present proprietor, E. S. Hoskins.

The Masonic Temple at Adrian, which cost \$28,000, was recently sold to a stockholder for \$20,050.

In the township of Kalamazoo \$330 of the dog tax must go to pay for sheep killed by the curs.

The Pontiac Knitting Works have been offered a bonus of \$10,000 to remove to some other town.

At Grand Rapids on the 29th ult., the house of W. Walker was consumed, involving a loss of about \$1,200.

G. W. Belding, of Fentonville, died on the 29th. He was one of the directors of a Bay City bank.

Dr. Spaulding, a resident of Adrian for the past half century, died there on the 27th ult., aged 77 years.

Hon. J. D. McCutcheon, of Charlotte, has received the appointment of secretary of the territory of Montana.

The name of the postoffice heretofore called Bass Lake, Washtenaw County, has been changed to Birkett.

Two convicts under the new Sunday liquor law are reported at Flint, both being fined and sent to jail.

E. Clifford has been convicted of stealing the body of Mrs. Anna Hall, of Davison, in the famous Hall murder case.

It was decided last week to hold the next State Fair at Jackson, a contract to that effect having been signed.

Valentine Kohler, the murderer of John Johnson, of Merces County, has been sentenced to the State Prison for life.

Saginaw Herald: L. A. Clark, for 15 years cashier of the First National Bank, is about to resign on account of his health.

demand for fencing. Mr. Goodrich has mapped out a stock farm that is equal to that of Mr. Foster, both being equally well watered with springs and spring brooks. He is three-fourths of a mile from the depot, and joins Mr. Foster on the west. He has about 40 head of high grade and full blood Shorthorns; at the head of the herd he has a fine, three year old bull, Duke of Spring Lake, No. 38586, got by Earl of Springfield, No. 39487. He has five young bulls coming one year old this spring and summer, that bid fair, some of them, to make choice animals; they are in rather low flesh but are thrifty and can be bought at a bargain, as in that section not many of them have reached the point where they appreciate improved stock.

We saw here 80 head of fine wool sheep that have not been fed hay but five or six times this winter, and no grain whatever, and not housed at all.

He has had a large range and are looking fine and plump. Mr. Goodrich told us that he sheared 71 pound per head, last year, and thought they would reach 7 pounds this he has practiced letting them run out open winters, some of his land being new and having large ranges of fall feed. They have done equally as well as when housed and fed, they have of course protection of belts of timber which cannot be had in some parts of the State. E. H. Goodrich, his son, has a farm on the opposite side of the street, of 200 acres, all choice land; he has been here about seven years and has certainly a very desirable location. He is also breeding Shorthorns and has about 30 head of high grade and full blood; he has a choice lot of grade sheep, about 100

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Poetry.

THE DAY IS DONE.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night,
As a feather is wafted down ward
From an eagle in its flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me.
That my heart cannot resist—

A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
But resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the poets of olden time,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time;

For like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavor;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humble poet,
Whose songs gush from his heart
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start;

Who through long days of labor,
And nights devoted to ease,
Still hears in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasure volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet,
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—H. W. Longfellow.

BEGINNING AGAIN.

When sometimes our feet grow weary,
On the rugged hills of life,
The paths stretched long and dreary
With trial and labor rife.

We pause on the toilsome journey,
Glance backward in valley and glen,
And sigh with an infinite longing
To return and begin again.

For behind is the dew of the morning,
In all its freshness and light;
And before are the doubts and shadows,
And the chill and gloom of the night.

We passed so carelessly then,
And ask with a passionate longing,
To return and begin again.

Ah, vain indeed is the asking,
Life's duties press all of us on;
And who dare shrink from labor,
Or sigh for sunshine that's gone.

And, if may be, not far on before us
Wait fairer places than they;
Life's path may yet lead by still waters,
Though we may not begin to-day.

For evermore upward and onward
Lie our paths on the hills of life;
And soon with a radiant dawning
Transfigure the toil and strife.

And our Father's hand will lead us,
Tenderly upward then;
In the joy and peace of a fairer world
He'll lead us begin again.

OUR BLUE BLOOD.

Two centuries and a half ago
Off rugged to work with shouldered hoe
A woman, barefoot, browned and rough,
With pluck of Puritanic stock.

Six lusty children tagged behind,
All hatless, shoeless, unconfined,
And happy as the birds that flew
About them. Naught of books they knew.

Save one they read at twilight hour,
Brought with them in the stanch Mayflower.
A pretty lad this and white,
In a hammock swinging light,

Laughing, and in the shade
Devours rhyme and leonade,
While bending near, her lover sighs,
And gently fans away the flies.

She murmurs "Tis so nice that we
Are neither of low family,
But of old Puritanic stock
That landed upon Plymouth Rock."

—Harvard Lampoon.

Miscellaneous.

MY CONFESSION.

It was doubtless a terrible calamity. I tried to reason with my husband, and persuade him that, after all, it was what might have been expected. I reminded him that ever since the insurance company had failed, and thrown him out of employment, he had been tramp—

"That's the word," he interrupted, fiercely. "You needn't say any more. That covers everything. Tramp! That's what I have come to at last. A tramp. Look at that boot! Mend! Never. Look at it, I say—look at it!"

I had been looking at it ever since he put it on the fender. It was terribly broken, to be sure. It was like the one-hoss shay, and had given out all over at once.

So had Charley. All his patience, perseverance, and persistency had oozed out of that awful hole. "A man can stand anything but that, Kate," he said, mournfully. "His overcoat can become weather-beaten to all the colors of the rainbow; the knees of his pants may grow baggy, and the seams white; his hat, so long as it's felt, can get to any condition. But a broken boot! Oh, great Heaven! I wish I was dead!"

"You mean, selfish wretch!" I cried, flinging my arms about him. "What would become of me and the children?"

"Your people would take care of you and the youngsters, Kate. I'm only a clog and a curse to you, my dear. Your people would be glad to be rid of me."

"Oh, Charley!" I cried.

But they were. There's no doubt about it. On that dreadful day Charley kissed us all as usual when he went out. He seemed to be calmer and more resigned. But I remember the ghostliness of his smile when he drew a rubber over his broken boot. The day was certainly unsuited to rubbers, and Charley hated them in any weather. He was calm, but it was the calmness of despair. Days and weeks, a whole month, went by, and Charley did not come back to us.

My family decided that something must be done. They appointed a conference to

meet at my house, which was already rented, and the new lessee desired immediate possession. My family were far from sympathizing in my awful suspense about Charley. Their convictions were very decided.

"He must have gone and drowned himself that very morning," they said, and added, with an air of commendation and relief, that perhaps it was the best thing he could do under the circumstances. My heart was full to bursting. I flew into a passion of grief and rage, and drove them all from the house.

"You'll send for us when you get cooled down," they said. And doubtless I should if Aunt Maria had not been belated at the family conference, and arrived when my passion was at its lowest ebb. I was as limp as a rag, and quite as helpless.

"Just like 'em," said Aunt Maria. "A more selfish, cold, heartless set of people the Lord never allowed to live."

This consoled and strengthened me. We began abusing them, and I felt better and stronger. Aunt Maria was one of those scheming, turbulent natures that had never agreed with mine in the days of my prosperity, but it was a kind of bitter tonic to me just then.

"I've given 'em a piece of my mind if I'd a got here in time. But, you see, Mrs. Rogers—you know the woman that kept our boarding-house."

I shook my head. Aunt Maria's presence was already losing its strengthening and consoling qualities.

"Well, she died last night, and Mr. Chandler he came to me to talk things over. I've boarded there off and on, before and after your uncle Job died, for nigh on to fifteen years; and Mr. Chandler's wife she died the very next summer, and he's kept his second story front ever since. You see, he owns the house, and like enough has a mortgage on the furniture. He's a wishy-washy sort of man that most anybody can get the best of—Good gracious me!"

"What is it, Aunt Maria? What's the matter?"

"Why, souls and bodies! if there ain't a special providence in this thing, my name ain't Maria Peckham. It came to me then, just like a flash—the bull thing. Why can't you step into Mrs. Rogers's place, and earn a livin' for yourself and children? Mr. Chandler wants some one right away. It'll be kind o' comfortable for me to have some one there that I can depend on; and Mr. Chandler, if you get the right side of him, is as easy as an old shoe. The funeral'll come off to-morrow. Her children'll have to be divided round among the relatives. I'll go home now and talk the bull thing over with Mr. Chandler, and you come around to-night and settle everything. There's nothing like striking when the iron's hot. I don't do to let the grass grow under your feet. That was the trouble with your Charley; he was too slow; hadn't enough push about him—leastways that's what the folks say."

"Slenderer! backbiters! falsifiers! My Charley was the best, the dearest—"

"Yes, yes, no doubt; but he ain't here just now to earn a livin' for you and the children, and you don't want to sponge on your folks."

"No, no, Aunt Maria, anything but that."

"Well, the ways of Providence is inscrutable. It seems to be appointed that you should take that house. Mrs. Rogers dyin' that way, just in the nick of time, and you hev'n a row with the folks—it's wonderful! I'll go home right away, and hev a talk with Mr. Chandler before he falls in with somebody else; he'll let you hev the furniture on instalments, I know. The kitchen oil-cloth'll stick to the floor, anyway. But I'll go home and see about it, and you come around to-night, d'ye hear, Kate?"

"Yes, ma'am," I said, and gulped down a sigh that was almost a groan as she disappeared. The consolation had all gone out of her presence long ago. I suppose I ought to have been grateful. My need was desperate, but Aunt Maria made the proposal so repelling—the poor dead woman, the division of her children, the mortgage on her furniture; I couldn't even see much comfort in the kitchen oil-cloth sticking to the floor. I looked upon my children as they trooped in, shabby but rosy, from their winter sport, and wondered how they would fare among my hard-hearted relatives when my turn came to die, and theirs to be disbanded. Charley and I had always said we'd rather die than board or keep boarders. Charley had died, possibly; but the children and I were left, and something had to be done. It seemed as though Mr. Chandler was my only hope; but I went around there with a heavy heart, and nearly tumbled off the stoop when I saw a flutter of crape on the bell handle. I never in the world could have gained courage to pull it. Fortunately a young man came out. I slipped in, and he slammed the door after him, and went whistling his way down the street. I crept by the parlor door, where some people stood in groups, talking and laughing quite unconcerned in the awful presence of death itself. The dishes were clattering on the dumb-waiter; a woman came down the stairs, smiling and happy, cloaked and hooded for the opera. She carried a huge bouquet in her hand, and I wondered how she could pass the parlor door. The people in that house may say what they please about my coolness and assurance, but I should be very sorry to have as little heart as they. Aunt Maria was already haggard about the kitchen oil cloth, and nothing would do but we must all go down and see that it really did stick to the floor.

Mr. Chandler was a short, stout man, with scarcely any hair on his head, and a short little nose that he had to keep perched in the air so his spectacles wouldn't fall off. His eyes were very round, and his cheeks were fat and red, and a fringe of white beard gave him somehow a very benevolent air that was calculated to inspire confidence. We descended into what seemed to me the very bowels of the earth, and as we entered the big cavernous gloomy kitchen, there was a scamp that looked like a rat, and an army of Croton-

bugs fled at our approach. I was weak and nervous, and uttering an exclamation of terror, clung to Mr. Chandler's arm.

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Chandler, starting back. "Oh, it's you! Don't be frightened, madam. Don't be at all frightened. I'll take care of you."

He had himself been considerably shaken by the size and quantity of this subterranean army, and it was evidently a great relief to him to find somebody even more startled than himself. He took the hand with which I had grasped his arm and held it in his own, assuring me that he would protect me. Nevertheless, I was glad when he was so easily persuaded that the kitchen oil-cloth would really stick to the floor, for although I was very favorably impressed with Mr. Chandler as to domestic confidences, he was not the champion I would choose in a combat with rats and Croton-bugs. Aunt Maria seemed more to the purpose. She gathered up her skirts from the first, and seemed prepared either for battle or flight, and was the last one to mount the lower stair. Mr. Chandler protected me all the way to Aunt Maria's door, and bade me good-night, with a hope that all was arranged satisfactorily.

"You've as good as feathered your nest already," said Aunt Maria. "I'm glad you wore your black dress."

"I had no other fit to put on," I replied. "It's just as well," she continued, "for I told him you were a widow—there's no use enterin' into particulars about Charley."

"It's nobody's business about Charley," "That's what I thought; so I said you were a widow, and I only mentioned the twins. I didn't speak of the boys, for you don't look old enough anyway—nobody'd dream they belonged to you, and Mr. Chandler's naturally of a timid turn, and it might spile everything at the start. They never need come where he is. They'll eat at the second table, and play out in the street, and in a boardin'-house there's lots of things that only growin' boys can eat, so they won't count. It's all fixed. You're to come to-morrow after the funeral, and take hold at once. Bring the twins right up to my room—they're nice little girls—and I'll fix 'em up with pink and blue ribbons. As for the boys, let them play around till night-fall, and then slip in the basement way."

It was all Aunt Maria's fault—every bit of it. I was too dazed and bewildered at first to offer any objections, and so many things happened in that dreadful three months that I never had a chance to make a full confession of my domestic affairs to Mr. Chandler.

Once when he said something about its being his duty as well as his pleasure to help the widow and the fatherless, I felt as if I must tell him all about Charley and the boys; but the adverse circumstances under which I labored restrained me. I had been compelled to ask him for an advance; there was a great deal of expense at first, and I was such a novice at everything. I felt compelled to avail myself of all the sympathy possible; but I was confident that after the first three months were over I could get along without Mr. Chandler's help, and then, no matter what Aunt Maria said, I determined to tell him everything. He was entitled to my confidence, and I only awaited a favorable opportunity to give existence to Charley and the three boys. Everything went along like clock-work for a while. If I had only put my whole mind to it, I might have mastered everything before the cold weather set in.

And I wouldn't have fallen behind so lamentably in my accounts if I had been very careful, and severely watched the scraps and crumbs that fell from the board. I was perhaps too good to the tramps and beggars, and fed too many of the wanderers that came to the basement door.

In vain Aunt Maria scolded, and vowed she never came down to press her crimps but she stumbled over a tramp. In vain Mr. Chandler mildly remonstrated upon the loss of two overcoats and a set of razors. They knew nothing of the way I felt, or how my heart beat sometimes when at twilight I saw a big, broad-shouldered, sandy-haired fellow standing there with broken boots. It took me a good while to grow calm and collected, and in the mean while he had eaten a good many slices of bread and meat, and perhaps stolen something from the hat rack in the lower hall.

In truth, it was impossible to persuade me that Charley was dead. I felt that some time he would come back to me;

"For Love will dream and Faith will trust (since he who knows our needs is just) That somehow, somewhere, meet we must."

And it was the most natural thing in the world to look for him as a tramp. That last sad morning was photographed on my memory when he stood before me so painfully shabby, and with such broken boots. I couldn't give him up; I wouldn't.

I got so tired of Mr. Chandler, with his bland respectability, his funeral broadcloth, and his high hat, his ever-ready money, and his never-ending remonstrance and advice. I did so long for dear old impetuous Charley, and

"after long grief and pain, To find the arms of my true love Found me once again."

What wonder, with a mind so unsettled, and a heart so open to vagabonds, that I was cheated and robbed and driven to the wall, and the second month came so appallingly soon that I had to get another advance from Mr. Chandler.

It was the most astonishing thing in the world that, although I never had an easy moment in that dreadful house, never did time fly so quickly. The third month was upon me before I could realize it, and it was a matter of glad surprise to me that I had not before me the awful necessity of another advance from Mr. Chandler. I was not, perhaps, any better off, so far as actual money was concerned, but I was longer established, and able to get credit outside. I always endeavored to treat the tradespeople with every possible consideration, and they were very kind to me—very.

Everybody knows what an awful winter it was. I had never had any experience with water-pipes. On the first of the

month a cold wave started direct from the north pole, and came with incredible velocity, as the bird flies, straight to that doomed boarding-house. It froze the water-pipes all over the house, soddened the bread, petrified the clothes on the line, paralyzed the potatoes, also apples, turnips, cabbages, and everything else that I had put in by the quantity for economy's sake.

The sun went down on that day's wrath. Three days after, it rose on another, and if the end of the world had come with it, I should have been only too glad. Gabriel's trumpet would have been a welcome sound to me than the step of Mr. Chandler that I heard approaching my door. I knew he had been hunting all over the house for me, and I had fled from room to room, from stair to stair, till at last I had taken refuge in the garret floor, which the children, the servants, and I shared together.

The awful fact was that the man's house was ruined. The weather was dreadfully against me. Even the oldest inhabitant of the boarding-house declared that he had never known such sudden and remarkable changes. Without a word of warning, like a thief in the night, the calamity came. The pipes threw off their icy fetters, and burst. The deluge was nothing to it.

Before anything could be done, seven different ceilings were frescoed and tattooed in a most unhappy manner, seven different carpets were drenched, and the occupants of seven different rooms were hunting me to bay. I sent for the calciminers, the plumbers, and the carpet men, and found out how much it would cost to put Mr. Chandler's house in order again. Then I fled to my room.

I threw myself on the bed, and stared at the ceiling like a maniac. There was nothing the matter with that ceiling, for the demoniac pipes stopped on the floor below.

The stoniness of my gaze was occasioned by the climax of my difficulties. How could I see Mr. Chandler? I had ruined his house, cheated him out of his money, and unless I could go on plundering and cheating him, I couldn't go on with the boarding-house. If I didn't go on, I couldn't pay Mr. Chandler; if I did go on, I might only plunder and cheat him the more. I never had been good at problems. At school I had always been stupid with given quantities, yet given quantities were my only hope just then.

Mr. Chandler was rapping at the door. I burst into tears as I undid the bolt, and begged him to forgive all the trouble and expense I had caused him. His ceilings were speckled; his carpets were drenched; the plumber held the very foundation of his house at an emperor's ransom; I was already hopelessly in his debt, and yet must have more money, or give up and die.

"How much money?" said Mr. Chandler, very gently. "Don't cry, my child. How much money?" Expiring hope began to revive within my agonized heart. He took my cold hands within his own.

"How much money will it take to repair all the damages here, and put the house in order for a new tenant?"

Down sank my heart like a plummet of lead. I looked up in his face, and was startled to find a new expression there; something indefinable, I could almost say heroic; Aunt Maria could never call that face "wispy-wasty." It was strong and noble. He was evidently not to be trifled with. When my miserable confession was made, he would spurn me as I deserved. If I had only been brave and true from the first! It was too late now. How I hated Aunt Maria! I thought of the terrible winter, of the icy streets, the predatory people had against tramps—particularly so many, six of us—six, the twins, the three boys, and myself. I clasped my hands in agony.

"What will become of me and my children?" I cried.

"Come," he replied with unmistakable tenderness—"come out of this room into the open garret. So! Now the whole world may hear and see us. Is it not so, my child? We are not afraid of idle tongues?"

"N—no," I stammered, my heart in my throat, for fear one of the boys should pop his head up the garret stairs and call mamma.

"You are so innocent," he continued, "so free from hypocrisy and deceit, it is hard to make you understand that I can not any longer lead you money, or help you in the way that I have done. The wicked innuendoes of slandering tongues that stab in the dark have left me but the one way to protect you. I wonder if it will be as holy, as sweet, to you as it is to me? I wonder if you would be glad to give up this vile nest of scandal altogether, and keep boarders no longer, but a home for a husband, who would adore you, and would love and cherish your dear little girls as his own?"

He didn't mention my dear little boys, who were out risking their lives at coasting that very moment. What a noble, generous, altogether perfect old gentleman he was! If Charley had really been dead, and I had not been the miserable impostor that circumstances had made me, my poor, desolate, widowed heart would have melted to him, I know. That heart was desolate enough. God knows, but it wasn't widowed, I am sure of that. The time for my dreadful confession had come. It was so hard to lose the one thing that seemed left me just then—his confidence, his esteem. I felt cold and faint and sick.

"Dear Mr. Chandler," I began, "a home and a husband would be very sweet to me, and Heaven was my witness it would, I was just going to tell him so, when Bridget put her frowny head above the stairs, and said a man was below that wanted to see me and wouldn't take no for an answer. 'It's the plumber,' I said tremblingly. 'or the calciminer, or the carpet man. Oh, Mr. Chandler, dear Mr. Chandler, I can not face these people!'"

"You forget that you have given me the right to share your troubles," he said. "Come, my dear, we will face this person together."

We found him in the parlor—a big,

broad-shouldered, splendid-looking fellow, with a new ulster on, and a very becoming hat, and a perfectly splendid pair of boots, without a break in them. The twins were clinging to each of his hands, and around him were dancing and howling like Indians three dirty little boys.

"Moments there, and this was one, Snatched like a minute's gleam of sun Amid the black simoom's eclipse."

"I've got a capital position, Kate, in a new company out west. Get the youngsters ready as quick as you can. I'll explain everything on the way," said the person.

"Who is this man?" said Mr. Chandler to Aunt Maria, who had been brought thither by the wild yells of the dear little boys, and stood like a pillar of salt in the doorway. "Who is he—her brother?"

"Her husband," said Aunt Maria. "And these boys?"

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Chandler, and these were the last words I heard. I fainted dead away in Charley's arms.

Charley and I, the twins, and the three boys started for our new home in the west the next day, from whence I write this poor, weak, but contrite confession to Mr. Chandler.—*Harper's Weekly.*

The Adulteration of Food.

The House Committee on Commerce, in reporting upon its bill looking to imposing some restrictions on adulterations in food and medicine says: Your Committee, on the question of adulterated food would submit just a few sample cases. Commercial cream of tartar contains tartaric acid of lime, which must, within limits, be accepted as natural to it. Cases have recently been tried in England in which the adulteration charged was the lime tartaric present in this salt, but the magistrate properly refused to convict. Yet this is an article which is subject to gross adulteration. Among eighteen samples examined by the experts, five were found to be of satisfactory purity, eleven of them contained lime varying from 17 to 90 per cent. Three of them having nearly the latter figure. Two contained no cream of tartar at all, but consisted of the one of sulphate of lime, alum, and acid phosphate of lime, and the other of alum, acid phosphate, and potato starch. Corn starch was also found in large proportion in one of the lime sulphate powders. Of nine samples examined in New York one had 86 per cent. of tartaric acid, one 61 per cent., and the others contained lime-salt.

Again, as to black pepper, the dealers appear to have lost all knowledge of the character of the pure article, as out of four samples examined, taken from respectable houses in the city of New York, only one was found pure. The others contained baked flour and rye, with sand enough to prove the unclean condition of the peppers when milled. Dr. Hassel in 1855 reported forty-three specimens taken from English stores, sixteen of which were adulterated. The chemist of the National Board of Health gave the results of a larger experience. Of 1,116 peppers, 576 were adulterated with rice, sagu, potato, starch, brown and white mustard, wood, wheat, bran and flour, and ground gypsum. The Commissary-General supplied sixteen unopened sample cans for investigation. Of these, two were adulterated with fresh flour, while six showed, from the quantity of sand present, the unclean and probably inferior quality of the peppers. Of thirty-two samples which were purchased four were pure. The remaining twenty-eight samples were mixed with ingredients which weakened their strength and impaired their usefulness.

Allspice, which has been found in England to be generally pure, in this country is mixed with articles as bread crust, beans, corn-starch, woody tissues, and tumeric. Of ground ginger, fifteen specimens out of twenty-one were adulterated. Chinese teas are dusted with Prussian blue, and Japan teas with indigo, along with finely-pulverized sulphate of lime and silicates.

In the preparation of teas for market, such drugs are used as black lead, indigo, Prussian blue, chrome yellow, Venetian red, carbonate of copper, and arsenite of copper. In the manufacture of confectionery different poisonous preparations are used, containing Prussian blue, carbonate of copper, cochineal, carbonate of lead, and red lead. It is useless to increase the number of these samples. It is believed by some persons who have examined this subject for the past five years that a large proportion of the substances shipped from the Old World to the New, and which enter so largely into the manufacturing of the foods of this country, are adulterated and impure. It is easy for any one to see that this state of things must affect the general health of our communities.

Where Buttons Come From.

The button trade of New York is estimated at from eight to ten million dollars a year. Last year the importation of buttons exceeded three and a half million dollars, the aggregate for the four years just passed being but a little short of thirteen million dollars. At American rates of wages many of the imported buttons could not be put upon their cards for the price they sell for.

Glaze buttons are made mostly in Bohemia, and children are largely employed at the work, which they do as quickly and as neatly as adults. The children get ten cents a day, men from forty to fifty cents, and women a little less. Pearl buttons are imported from Vienna, where they are almost exclusively manufactured; and the all-important shirt buttons are received mostly from Birmingham, England, where the majority of metal buttons are likewise procured. The most extensive of all the button manufacturing, however, is that of the Parisian and Berlin novelties. In one manufacturing village near Paris, where there are from 5,000 to 6,000 inhabitants, all the working people are engaged in making the glaze buttons, which, even with thirty per cent duty added to the cost, sell, when imported into this country, at the extremely low figure of thirty-one cents per great gross. The material alone, it is reported, could not be procured here for double the amount.

While American manufacturers make no

attempt, and probably have no desire, to compete with European producers employing hand processes, they excel in making bone, composition, brass, ivory and gold buttons by machinery, and are able to export considerable quantities of these styles. In Providence, R. I., for example, sleeve buttons and jewelry buttons are largely manufactured expressly for exportation.

A Tale of Two Prima Donnas.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Traveler* tells the following story of Madame Etelka Gerster, and one of her rivals. Could the "dumpy, spoiled child" be our American *diva*, Kellogg? He says:

"Gerster not only has the gifts of a great singer with which to conquer her audiences, but the magnetism of goodness. There is no affectation in her artlessness. I know that, because I once crossed the ocean in the same ship with her, saw her under the temper-trying ordeal of sea-sickness, and never once knew her to lose her good nature. Vastly different was it with another prima donna on board, who was in a storm of anger from the time she came on board the ship at Queenstown, till she landed in New York. While Gerster won every heart, and all the passengers, stewards, officers, and hands were willing slaves, this other prima donna was a sick fury, whom the stewards feared and most of the passengers shunned. Of course there was a fierce jealousy between the two singers, which culminated one day when a concert was given in the saloon and they both sang. The dumpy, cross little spoiled child of five and thirty, sang superbly an aria from 'Carmen,' and brought down the house. Oh, the air with which she swept by Gerster, the disdain and defiance with which she regarded her sister singer, who had been listening, and who was generous in her applause. Then came Gerster's turn. She was still ill. The sea had treated her unkindly. She was pale, her hair hung loosely braided down her back, and she was wrapped in cloaks and shawls from head to foot. She stepped to the piano, touched one of the keys lightly, and then sung. One by one she threw aside her wraps, as her enthusiasm kindled. It was the grandest aria in 'Il Flauto Magico,' and she rendered it like a being inspired. I had never heard it sung so well; I never expected to hear it sung so well again. When she stopped there was a silence, no sound but the heartbeat of the ship's engine, then a murmur, and then the storm of applause. The men cried bravo, till they were hoarse, the women crowded about the prima donna and embraced her. Everybody was at her feet. It was a revelation of song, a thing to be remembered for a lifetime. And what did the rival prima donna? Did she join the applause? Oh, no; nothing of the kind; she gave a suppressed hysterical cry of rage, burst into a storm of tears and dashed out of the saloon, and refused to be comforted. Gerster bore her triumphs meekly, and when a little later I found her the centre of an admiring group on deck, she was saying the pleasantest things about her rival's singing, and winning everybody's heart by her pretty devotion to her amiable husband, Dr. Gardini."

Locusts in Angora.

Last year the village of Angora, in Asia Minor, was devastated by locusts, and, in order to avert a repetition of the calamity which had laid waste several productive agricultural districts, the Governor of the Province decreed that every able-bodied peasant should, during a certain period preceding the ensuing locust-hatching season, collect locust eggs at the rate of two pounds' weight per diem and deliver them in person to the nearest local authorities. His Excellency fixed the minimum quantity of ova to be gathered in this manner at 1,400,000 pounds' weight, and furthermore prescribed that a daily fine of two piastres should be levied upon each peasant who should fail to fulfill the duty thus imposed upon him in the general interest of the Province. The practical results of the wise and prudent decrees were as follows: During the first day or two of the period appointed for the collection of the ova, a few rustics brought in their quota of eggs, but the large majority of the peasantry, far too indolent to take the trouble of digging them up, compounded with the powers that be by privily purchasing the necessary quantity of eggs from the officials at one piastre per kilogramme, and then making public delivery of that quantity to the employees empowered to receive it. Thus the 200 or 300 kilos of eggs really collected and delivered by law-abiding peasants were sold over and over again to the malingerers. These tricksters saved half the amount of their fines, the officials pocketed a piastre by each transaction, and the crop of locusts for the coming season will, in all probability, turn out even finer than that which all but ruined the Angora vilayet last year.

Working off Mutilated Coin.

Since the United States Mint in Philadelphia has been authorized to redeem mutilated silver coin, about 400 ounces of it has been presented and paid for. The officers who have this matter under their supervision have observed that the largest amount presented for redemption comes from the liquor saloons, the beer brewers and the churches, by far the greatest proportion, however, is passed upon the market people and upon the small street merchants, who have not sufficient light to enable them to discover the deceit. It is suspected that a thriving business is carried on by professionals in this way, who drill at large quantities of silver from the dollars, fill up the holes with tin foil and pass the former. A practice which has been detected by the Mint, by which much of the mutilated coin is worked off, shows considerable ingenuity. It is simply to fill in the holes with the ordinary tin foil with which tobacco is wrapped, carefully smooth over the surface and pass it at night, or in such dark places as to render detection extremely difficult. From the clerical counter of many customers at the redemption counter it is shrewdly suspected that a great deal of the silver which cannot conveniently be passed in any other way finds its way to the church contribution plate.

The Ways of Plants.

In a great many cases leaves are said to sleep; that is to say, at the approach of night they change their position, and sometimes fold themselves up, thus presenting a smaller surface for radiation, and being in consequence less exposed to cold. Mr. Darwin has proved experimentally that leaves which were prevented from moving suffered more from the cold than those which were allowed to assume their natural position. He has observed with reference to one plant, the arrow-root, *West Indian species*, that if the plant had a severe shock it "can not get to sleep for the next two or three nights. The sleep of flowers is also probably a case of the same kind, though it has, I believe, a special reference to the visits of insects; those flowers which are fertilized by bees, butterflies, and other day insects, sleep by night, if at all; while those which are dependent on moths rouse themselves to sleep evening, as already mentioned, and stay by day. In the dandelion (*Leontodon*), the flower-stalk is upright while the flower is expanded, a period which lasts for three or four days; it then lowers itself and lies close to the ground for about twelve days, while the fruits are ripening, and then rises again when they are mature. In the *Oxycodon* the stalk curls it self up into a beautiful spiral after the flower has faded.

The flower of the little *Linaria* of our walls pushes out into the light and sunshine, but as soon as it is fertilized it turns round and endeavors to find some hole or cranny in which it may remain safely enclosed until the seed is ripe. In some water plants the flower expands at the surface, but after it is faded retreats again to the bottom. This is the case, for instance, with the water-lilies. In *Valeriana*, the female flowers are borne on long stalks, which reach the surface of the water, on which the flowers float. The male flowers have short, straight stalks, from which when mature, the pollen detaches itself rises to the surface, and, floating freely on it, is wafted about, so that it comes in contact with the female flowers. After fertilization, however, the long stalk coils up spirally, and thus carries the ovary down to the bottom, where the seed can ripen in greater safety.—*Sir John Lubbock.*

An Artificial Sun.

The most powerful artificial light in the world has just been constructed by Messrs. Chance Bros. & Co., at Smethwick, near Birmingham, Eng., for the South End Lighthouse, near Sydney, New South Wales. It is a first order dioptric, revolving light, with the electric arc. The lamp has a special arrangement of prisms for securing vertical divergence of the beam. It is over six feet in diameter, and the height is about nine feet, and it is said to be the first time such dimensions have been applied to illumination by the electric arc. The lamp has a power of about 12,000 candles in the focus of light, and the merging beam has a luminous intensity exceeding 12,000,000 candles. The light will give flashes around half the horizon at intervals of a minute, and will make a complete revolution every 16 minutes. On an average, the light will be visible at a distance of 40 to 50 miles. At an exhibition of its power recently given at Smethwick, the light was so intense that it could hardly be endured by the naked eye.

The skins of certain sharks are used in jewelry for sleeve buttons, and when dried and cured take a polish almost equal to that of stone, and greatly resemble the fossil coral *porites*. The vertebrae of the shark are always in demand for can

CAPRICE AT HOME.

No, I will not say good-by—
Not good-by nor anything.
He is gone. I wonder why
Lilies are not sweet this spring.
How that tiresome bird will sing!
I might follow him and say
Just that he forgot to kiss
Baby, when he went away.
Everything I want I miss.
Oh, a precious world is this!
What if night came and not he?
Something might mislead his feet.
Does the moon rise late? Ah, me!
There are things that he might meet.
Now the rain begins to beat.
So it will be dark. The bells
Some one some one loves is dead.
We're all—! I cannot tell
Half the fretful words I said,
Half the fearful tears I shed.
Dead? And but to think of death—
Men might bring him through the gate;
Lips that have not any breath,
Eyes that stare— And I must wait!
Is it time; or is it late?
I was wrong, and wrong, and wrong;
I will tell him, oh, be sure!
If the heavens are bulged strong.
Love shall therein be secure;
Love like mine shall there endure.
Listen, listen—that is he!
I'll not speak to him, I say,
If he choose to say to me,
"I was all to blame to-day;
Sweet, forgive me," why—may I—
—Mrs. S. M. B. Platt.

Anecdotes of Webster.

The centennial anniversary of the birth of Daniel Webster brings again to light many interesting anecdotes and incidents of his life. It is well known that he was a man of luxurious tastes and expensive habits, which frequently brought him into pecuniary difficulties. A western gentleman, shortly after the great statesman's death, referring to these habits with much seriousness to a mutual friend, enforced his remarks with a practical illustration. "Why, sir," he exclaimed, "I traveled all night with Webster in a stage-coach out west, long ago, and in the morning we all got out at a little hotel to stretch our legs and get breakfast. Webster took up a traveling-couch, with combs, hair-brush and tooth-brush, all of which he used vigorously. When he'd got through, I asked him to lend me his tooth-brush, as there wasn't any at the sink where we washed, and Mr. Webster courteously complied. After using and rinsing it off I handed it back; and, would you believe it? the extravagant fellow just pitched it over into the bushes. It was a good brush, too, and might have lasted him two or three months longer, at least. No wonder he was always in debt!"

It was during his residence in Portsmouth that Mr. Webster became the owner of a parcel of land in the vicinity of the White Mountains, with the buildings standing thereon, for the valuable consideration of his services as counsel in an important suit in one of the courts. The premises were known by the imposing name of "the farm." He left the tenant, who was living there at the time he acquired the legal title to "the farm," in possession. After his removal to Boston, he heard nothing of his White Mountain estate for several years.

One summer, as he journeyed north with his wife in quest of recreation, he resolved to turn aside from the traveled road, and ascertain the true condition of his property. He found a very miserable hut upon it, occupied by an aged woman as the only tenant of his farm. He asked for a glass of water, which she readily gave him in a tin dipper. He then began to make inquiries about her prosperity, and the present condition of things around her. She said she did not own the farm, but that it belonged to a lawyer down in Boston by the name of Webster.

"Does he often come to see you, my good woman?" said Webster.

"No," said she, "he has not been near his land since I lived here."

"Well," said he, "what rent does he make you pay for the occupancy of his farm?"

"Rent!" she exclaimed, "I don't pay him any rent. It is bad enough to live here without paying anything for it; and if he don't fix up the house I don't mean to stay here freezing to death much longer."

"Well, madam," returned the kind-hearted proprietor, "it is a pretty hard case, I confess. If you will accept this bill (five dollars) towards holding out for another year, I will speak to Mr. Webster when I next see him, and perhaps he will do something for you."

So he took final leave of his valuable farm and his interesting tenant. Mr. Webster used to tell with great zest an incident in his professional life, to illustrate how past studies may prove of great service in an emergency. While practicing in New Hampshire, a blacksmith employed him to defend a contested will. The case was such a complicated one that he was obliged to order books from Boston, at an expense of \$50, in order to acquaint himself with and to settle the legal principles involved. He won the case, and as the amount involved was small, charged \$15 for services, and was, therefore, largely out of pocket. Many years after, when passing through New York, he was consulted by Aaron Burr.

"I have a very perplexing case," said Mr. Burr, "which I cannot disentangle. I know I am right, but see no way of proving it in court."

Mr. Webster listened, and found the principles identical with his early case. He stated them in such a luminous way that Mr. Burr excitedly said:

"Have you been consulted before, Mr. Webster?"

"No, sir; I never heard of the case till you mentioned it."

"How is it possible that you could unravel such a case at sight, when I had given many hours of anxious study to it in vain?"

Mr. Webster enjoyed his perplexity, but finally relieved him by a statement of the facts. A great sum was at stake, and Mr. Webster received a fee of \$1,000 to balance his former loss.

The moral of this incident is that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. Mr. Webster, when a young lawyer, acted on this maxim, and this laid the foundation of his greatness as a lawyer.

Cattle and Cow-Boys on the Plains.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, writing from Kansas, makes mention of the customs of cattle guarding as follows:

"The management and control of great herds of cattle on natural pastures has many features both novel and interesting to the eastern farmer. From the state line south of Kansas and from the western boundary of Harper county, for a long way, the whole country is an open range, where instead of fences the cattle are controlled by mounted patrols, the 'cow-boys' of the plains. The system of guarding is now quite perfect. Cattle are held by parties owning 100 to 10,000 head each, and these join, and forming 'pools,' unite in holding under one system a range of 40 to 80 miles across. Camps are made so that the boys can ride a line around the outer circle, and turn back those which are straying. Each camp is a dug-out or sod house, and accommodates two to six men and their cook, and the riding a line and guarding cattle is their sole work. The spring 'round-up' cutting out cattle for market and going for strays are the reliefs to a rather monotonous life.

The brands of various owners are carefully recorded and known in each camp. Often during a driving storm cattle will get out of the pool, and during the severe blasts of the winter of 1880 and 1881 very many lots were quite routed, and not recovered until late in the succeeding summer. A party of three of us were camped in one of the first of these storms, and sleeping safely under our tent cloth in a deep 'draw' or ravine. Awakened at night by cattle, we soon were surrounded by several hundred half-breed Texas long horns. They stopped, partly sheltered from the wind, and here, for three hours in the darkness and the rain, near our heads, a mounted cowboy sat and sang a musical refrain, I supposed for his own amusement, but learned next day that it was to soothe the cattle and let them know of his presence. The scene was particularly wild and strange, but this is part of the guard's duties. At the annual round a party start out with mess wagon, cook, men having three to six ponies each, and for weeks are gathering the cattle in bunches and branding them. Strayed cattle are recognized by the brand, the owner and the vicinity of his pool determined by a reference to a book, and a card sent to him when at some distance. Should his pool be one joining, the outriders or 'liners' can often turn them where they belong. These cattle are now largely grad-d with fine stock, and many even bunches held for one time of sale.

"The cowboys are as much a separate class as sailors are; sometimes very similar. Away from the settlements they are sociable, kind and hospitable, after payday they often flock to the border towns, spend in a spree the earnings of an entire season, and finally, after getting in some conflict with city authorities, jump on their ponies, and are off for another six months. Many of these Missouri and Texas boys, but among these are a great many steady young men who, having a few cattle, thus isolate themselves for a season to learn the business and recruit their pockets. Their ponies are Texas bronchos, tough, and often wicked, their gait commonly a walk, with head drooping, and a rider on a 40 to 60 pound saddle seated well back, nearly on the haunches. The cowboy's outfit is peculiar, and he takes great pride in getting up in style. According to authority a man's hat makes the man, and his is a great waterproof with leather band or an imitation rattlesnake instead. The necessities of an outfit were given me by one of the following, and some of them do quite come up to it: Saddle, \$35; quilt, \$8, bridle, \$5; bit, \$7; spurs, \$5; hat, \$10; band, \$3; boots, \$10; slicker, \$3; leggings, \$11; pony, 15 cents. But in truth their ponies are commonly good, and must be of good wind and bottom for rounding up and cutting out cattle."

Habits of the 8-a-Cow.

The manatee, or sea-cow, is the most widely diffused of the sirenians, and, being American, has the first claim to consideration. Its various species are found along the coasts and in the rivers and inland lakes of tropical America; the length of the opposite coast of Africa, around the Cape; and as far north up the Mozambique coast as the Zambesi river; in the upper Niger river; in Lake Tchad; in the East African Lake Shirwa; and in the Tana sea, in Abyssinia. Agassiz has termed the animal the modern representative of the dinotherium, and

it is most probably the animal which Columbus mistook for a mermaid. It grows to be sometimes as long as 17 or 20 feet, but generally not more than from eight to twelve feet, and to weigh from one to three or four tons having a body the shape of an elongated barrel, slightly flattened above and below, with two fore-limbs, no signs of hinder extremities, and an horizontally flattened or spatulate tail of about one-fourth the extent of the body. Its skin is much like that of the hippopotamus, and is very sparsely covered with hair. Its fore-limbs are set far forward, are more free in their motions than those of the cetaceans, and may be used as claspers, flexed over the chest, for swimming or dragging the animal along the bottom, or up the banks of the rivers in which it feeds and to assist in the prehension of food. The flinger bones may be felt through the skin, with which they are connected; but no evidence of digital organs is outwardly visible, except the rudimentary nails on the edges of the flippers. The flippers, flexible and possessing much of the power of the hand, have given the animal its name, from the Latin manus, a hand. The head is conical, with a fleshy nose, like that of a cow, and large nostrils, and appears as if joined immediately on to the body, without visible neck. Anatomy furthermore shows that one of the cervical vertebrae, of which there are generally seven in mammals, including the dugong, is wanting. The mouth is small, and without front teeth, but is provided with two mobile, lateral, bristle-covered pads, with which it seizes its food quite dexterously.

The manatees feed in herds on the bottoms of rivers and the shallow waters along the shore, where they browse on algae and aquatic herbs. They associate together in the most peaceable manner, and show a great community of feeling. They combine for defense when attacked, taking especial care of their young, by putting them in the center of the group, and, it is said, showing so much intelligent sympathy as to try to pull out the weapon from one of their companions which may have been struck with a harpoon.—[From "Sirens of the Sea," by W. H. Larabee, in Popular Science Monthly for March.

Great Discovery at Thebes.

To any one with a knowledge, however slight, of the history of Egypt, the mere names of the kings whose mummies have been brought into the garish light of this nineteenth century, are full of associations of the highest interest. The series commences with a gigantic coffin painted white, and bearing a long inscription in black on the breast. It contains the body of the patriarch of the Egyptian royalty of what Mariette distinguished as the "New Empire." Many of us remember the name of Tiaken Raskenen, about whom such a tantalizing little fragment has been published in the "Records of the Past." He preceded Aahmes, the first king of the famous eighteenth dynasty, and the fragment which is in the British Museum tells us of the beginning of his contest with a northern king, Apapi, who dwelt in the city of Haver, and is generally recognized as one of the Hyksos or shepherds, about whom so much has been written, but about whom so little is known. Raskenen was the father, it is now all but certain, of the Queen Aah-hotep, whose jewels were exhibited at Paris in 1868. Her husband appears to have been Kames Uaz Kiaper-Ra, a successful general, sometimes spoken of as himself, perhaps in her right, a king, and she was the mother of Aahmes, the founder, as I have said, of the eighteenth dynasty. The inscription on the coffin of Raskenen contains no historical record, except his name and a prayer to the gods of the dead on his behalf. Beside him lies his grandson Aahmes—the coffin of whose mother, Aah-hotep, was already in the museum; the lid removed, and the royal mummy swathed in wreaths of what 5000 years ago were fresh lotus flowers. They are faded and dry now, and so fragile that a touch destroys them. Next to king Aahmes is his wife in a crimson coffin, her body wrapped in grave-clothes of pink cambric, with bands of white, so fresh, so delicate in color, that no effort of mine suffices to realize the fact that Nefertary must have died long before Moses was born. Close to her and her royal husband is their son Amen-hotep I., his face covered with a brilliantly painted mask, and his body, like that of his father, wreathed with flowers and leaves. On his breast his name is written with a singular variation, referring apparently to his love or his country. "Amen-hotep united with Egypt." It recalls Napoleon's reference in his will to "the people whom he had loved so well," but had, we must hope, some better foundation in fact. Attracted perhaps by the flowers, a wasp entered the royal coffin at the last moment before it was closed, and was found among the wreaths. By the side of the great Amen-hotep rests the body of his younger brother Se-Amen, which, when it was opened, was found to contain nothing but a bundle of reeds packed so as to resemble the outline of the human form, surmounted by an infant's skull. This is not the only example of such deception among the number of the supposed mummies.—[Macmillan's Magazine.

New Stock-Alarm for Locomotives.

In some portions of the country one of the difficulties of railroading is the occupation of the track by cattle, and it is often with no little difficulty that the animals can be frightened away by the means ordinarily available; the result is the loss of cattle and often the loss of human life, and the destruction of railroad property. A Mr. Willard A. Place, of Lincoln, Neb., has invented a very simple and apparently efficient device for protection against such accidents. It consists of a steam pipe leading from the boiler of the engine, under the cow-catcher, and connecting with a bent pipe secured upon the nose or lower rail of the cow-catcher. This pipe is perforated with numerous small holes. In the steam supply pipe there is a cock connected by a rod to the lever placed in the cab in convenient position for operation by the fireman or engineer. In most cases the supply pipe enters the boiler at or a little below the ordinary level of the water, so that upon turning the cock some water will be forced out with the steam and thrown some distance ahead of the engine. This is very effective in frightening and driving the stock off the track. In case the water in the boiler is below the pipe, the cloud of vapor and the hissing noise produced by the escape of steam will be effective in frightening and driving off the animals. The pipe, however, in most cases will be located so that upon opening the cock both steam and water will be ejected from the perforations of the pipe.

VARIETIES.

TOOK A HEADER AND DROVE SHE WEST.—A young lady residing on William Street in this city, went to a hoghead under a water pipe to get soft water out the other day. She found the vessel about two thirds empty and a film of ice covering the water. Going back into the house she procured a hatchet, and, returning, leaned over and into the hoghead to break the ice. The hoghead was rather high for the lady's stature, and she was compelled first to tip-toe and then to lean her whole weight on the edge. While in this rather uncomfortable position a harder stroke with the hatchet, which sent it smashing through the ice, disturbed her equilibrium, the center of gravity was removed further from the slippers and nearer to the chignon, and over she went, crashing through the ice and source into the water. It luckily happened that a gentleman passing was attracted by the sight of two little feet sticking out of a barrel and kicking like fury. Hastening to the rescue the lady was released from her dangerous position, and ran into the house without taking time to see who her deliverer was, or to thank him, and the latter retired, remarking to himself:

"I guess she won't take cold, her face is too red."

THE DUK-OF WELLINGTON once said to a young member of Parliament, who had asked advice about getting the ear of the House, "Sit down when you are through, and don't quote Law."

LAWYER BENHAM, of the old Cincinnati bar, did not sympathize with the Duke's advice. He was an orator, and very fond of showing off his classical learning before a jury. In a murder trial, in defending the prisoner, he warned the jury not to allow public opinion, which was against his client, to influence their verdict.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, in concluding his appeal, "Give up, drop entirely all feeling in this important matter, and be like the ancient Roman in his adherence to the truth. Who, in its defense, most eloquently declared: 'Amicus Cato, amicus Plato, amicus Cicerone, sed major veritas!'"

The next morning the lawyer found himself reported in the newspapers as follows:

"I may call Cato, I may call Plato, I may call Cicerone, said Major Veritas!"

We are afraid the orator counsel, then.

A YOUTH of tender years, who has lately been attending school, was heard by his father to be loudly chanting, as he played about the room, an extraordinary measure, of which the burden was: "Angie two times, nigger in a pond." Impressed by this remarkable combination of words, the sire inquired what he meant by it, when his son and heir replied:

"Why, that's what we learn at school."

The father, thinking this a curious sort of useful knowledge, took occasion to call at school and inquire into the matter. The teacher was quite unable to explain, but finally called up her scholars and caused them to give some of the customary recitations in concert. The mystery was solved when the chorus came to this lesson, "An angle, two lines meeting at a point," the rhythm of which was seen to be similar to the child's description of the unfortunate African. So the parent went home convinced that as yet he had no occasion for repudiating his taxes for the support of schools.—Boston Journal.

This item appeared in the Transcript: "A \$1,000 cow, with a pedigree as long as that of an Italian count, enclosed in a water-tight bag and attached to the forehead just below the horns, was a passenger on a steamer at New York this week." Some people might be misled by it. They might think that the pedigree was enclosed in the bag and attached to the count's forehead just below the horns; others might construe it to mean that the count was enclosed in the bag and attached to the cow's forehead just below the horns. All this is wrong. The idea is this: The cow had a pedigree as long as that of an Italian count. Enclosed in a water-tight bag and attached to the forehead (probably the cow's forehead), just below the horns, was a passenger. Must have been a mighty uncomfortable position for him, too.

A COUNTRYMAN climbed out of a wagon on Austin Avenue, entered a music store, and said he wanted to buy a piece of music for his son.

"If your son is not very far advanced, perhaps this would do," said the clerk, handing over a piece of sheet music.

"How much does it cost?"

"Fifty cents."

"Well, that's too easy for him. The last piece I bought for him cost seventy-five cents. I reckon he knows enough of music to play a piece worth a dollar and a quarter at least. A fifty-cent piece is too low. I want a hundred."

The clerk accidentally found an operatic piece that was difficult enough, and the proud father shelled out the cash.—Texas Siftings.

WHEN Remenyi was playing one of the softest passages in Schubert's serenade at Saratoga, Pa., the other night, a man in the gallery took a handful of peanuts out of his pocket and began to eat the same in a particularly distasteful manner, whereupon the sadder stopped his bow and made a little speech, thus:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I now make me a little speech. That peanut eater is very much annoying, and I think he enjoys himself very much as nobody else in the house. When he gets through with his peanut solo I go on."

The speech was loudly applauded, and the peanut fiend was crushed for the evening.

AN amateur was chattering about the price of a table service in Dresden china. "But it is much too dear! There is not a single piece in it which has not been mended!" The dealer in it has his answer put. "My dear sir," he says, "why, that is the very thing that makes the set valuable. This is the table service that Bonaparte broke when he kicked over the preliminaries at Leoben!" The amateur, a little taken aback by this thrust, says: "Are you perfectly sure of that?" "Certainly I am. Would you like the same service without its being mended? I have that also."

COMMISSIONER LORING, recently, on the floor of the House, being importuned by a brace of Congressmen to grant their requests for appointments they had recommended in his department. "Now," said the genial doctor, "gentlemen, I want to say to you that I have but five barley loaves and two small fishes, and I am called upon to feed a multitude with this supply. Will you, gentlemen, be kind enough to tell me how it can be done? It is needless to say that the members saw the point."

An interesting operation in skin grafting was recently performed in Philadelphia, a piece being taken from a Chicago commercial traveler's cheek—according to the account—to trap up a pugilist's knuckles. Intelligence which seems to be of a later date sets forth that whenever the prize fighter appears on the street he is "spotted" for wearing brass knuckles, and taken to a police station.

Chaff.

The crying baby at the public meeting is like a good suggestion, it ought to be carried out.

Once they started a girl's seminary in Utah. It flourished well, but just in the height of its prosperity the principal eloped with the whole school.

"The Unseen Hand" is the title of a new book. Probably the other man didn't have anything better than a pair of trousers and didn't dare to call.

If pearls are the oyster's tears, the bivalve in which a fisherman's Long Island a few days ago found 63, some as large as a pea, must have had a life full of affliction and sorrow.

An exchange in deploring the necessity of a certain bank officer's riding, says "the bank sustains a heavy loss." This is certainly a very kind way of saying that he stole about a million dollars.

On His Honor—Teacher: "We are next told that Pharoah showed Joseph much honor. Can any one of you boys tell me the meaning of that? You try, Joe Smith."

Joe: "Er—er—'driv' 'round the place in a big mump!"

"I should think that you would feel badly about leaving this place," said the landlord to the departing cook. "I'm not, I'm glad to go. I ain't sorry to leave any of you—except the dog—poor old Tiger, he's always washed the plates for me."

The winter is so mild at the North that the ice crop will have to be replanted. Last year the ice dealers gave as a reason for high prices that the crop had been eaten up by the grass hoppers. We are not supposed to know any better down South here.—Texas Siftings.

A lady in Frostburg, Md., the other day, washed her son's mind with soap because he used bad words. A few days after she found him in the yard with his mouth and face full of suds. Feeling through the foam he said: "Swore a heap of times to-day, mamma; getting them all out now."

After writing the "Charge of the Light Brigade," it was absolutely necessary for Tennyson to produce a "Charge of the Heavy Brigade" before he died! Hood got much fame from his "Song of the Shirt," but he didn't supplement it in his last days by a "Song of the Undershirt."

Capt. Perival, a Cape Cod mariner of the old school, was once awakened in his bunk by a shipmate, with the announcement that the vessel was going to eternity. "Well," replied the Captain, "I've got ten friends over there to one in this world, let her go." And he turned over and went to sleep again.

A sensible Philadelphia girl, upon being asked why her engagement had been broken off, replied: "You see, he came to me one day with an album in his hand, and the first picture played the autograph of Charles J. Guiteau, which he went to Washington on purpose to get. I was not anxious to marry a born fool, so we parted."

The Courier-Journal says this is what a Sunday school superintendent found on his black-board: "Pleas Mr. Superintendent don't Fire off Stories over Sunday at Us boys with an av'ful Examul of a Bad Boy in each of Them."

Give us a RE-! Give it to the GIRLS Go Slow."

A scientific journal explains in a long article, "How thunder storms come up." We haven't read the article, but we know how they come up. They wait until the Sunday school picnic reaches the grove and gets fairly to business at Copenhagen, swinging, flirting, or croquet through the forest, and then they come up like thunder and lightning. It takes the average thunder storm more than ten minutes to come up in the neighborhood of a picnic.

The Household.

CARDS.

Not the "wicked pasteboards," invented for the amusement of an idiot king, which have called forth the anathemas of the pulpit and the pious horror of deacons, but the beautiful souvenirs which are sent to absent friends as tokens of remembrance and good will, and which form so attractive a part of the display in the windows of our bookstores. This is a new industry which in a very few years, has grown to mammoth proportions; they are manufactured by the million and bought by everybody. The mid-winter holidays, the spring festival of Easter, the autumnal day of doom for turkeys, the innumerable birthdays which come every day in the year for somebody, give us an opportunity for choosing among the shoals of beautiful creations which are seemingly exhaustless in variety of design.

The establishment of L. Prang, at Boston, is probably the largest in the country, and over three hundred persons are employed in different capacities, from those whose brain furnish the designs to the grimy Pluto who feeds the great steam engine which supplies motive power. The cards are made by the chromo-lithographic process, and as each color requires a separate impression, many of the finest are "on the press" from thirty to forty different times, and the result in its clearness and exactness, shows to what great perfection the mechanical appliances have been brought.

Just now the display is of Easter and birthday cards, the last of which are always in season; three short months ago

Christmas holly and New Year wishes held the lines. One of the most unique of New Year's cards was a check on the bank of Felicity for three hundred and sixty-five happy days. The Easter cards are many of them, perfectly exquisite in design and workmanship. Spring flowers, the "first fruits" of the earth's resurrection, are fittingly chosen to typify the resurrection of Christ. The gold of the crocus, the pure white of the Frillaria, gorgeous Tulips cups, the purple of passion flowers, drooping bells of lilies of the valley, pansies and violets, and more frequently than all, the conventional Easter lilies, all find a place upon the silk fringed and perfumed cards. One of the most exquisite among many of rare beauty in Thorndike Nourse's show window was a folding card fringed with pale pink silk, with a black ground work on which were two ovals, tinted in sky blue. In one of these a robin's nest with three blue eggs was half concealed by a spray of apple blossoms; on the other the speckled eggs of the brown thrush were cradled in ferns and wood violets. Over one was the legend in gold letters in German text, "I know that my Redeemer Liveth," for the other "May you see a joyful Easter."

A white dove with outspread wings held in its bill a half opened Jacqueminot rose, and a gilt scroll bore the words "A Glad Easter Tide." Over a gray background were displayed field daisies, as if growing in the meadow, and the yellow butterflies that lazily swing over June meadows, were hovering among them; "Behold I show you a Mystery," was the motto. A spray of Easter lilies, life like in purity and grace, on a gilt cross, half blown roses buds over a rustic cross in exquisite shades of brown, white hyacinths half hiding the cross, and the miniature copies of Japan lilies, ferns and violets, trailing pink arabus and scarlet partridge berries wreathing the emblem of the Divine Passion, are each and all so beautiful that it is hard to choose. The egg, too, another of the first fruits of the new year, is often chosen as a symbol. In an egg-shell ship two cherubs have set sail, while their fall sail announces "Behold I bring you Glad Tidings;" in another a baby face peeps from a broken shell and other child faces looking on, express surprise and pleasure. A wee one, evidently on her first voyage of discovery in the garden, points to a cluster of purple and gold and lifts a radiant face heavenward.

The birthday cards are freighted with all sorts of good wishes for the anniversary bailed with delight by the young, with regret and sorrow by older pilgrims; they are sent to the happy owner of the birthday, and the little six year old curls her birthday remembrances as Mademoiselle her grown up sister her visiting cards received on her reception day.

In prices, as they say in advertisements the aim is to suit all purses. There are small cards for ten cents there are very pretty ones for 25, 25 and 35 cents, there are larger and finer ones at half a dollar, folding, silk-fringed, perfumed beauties at 75 cents, \$1, up to \$1.50 and \$2. At Macaulay's the chef d'œuvre is \$35; a cross of white cedar, a foot high, covered with fine white satin delicately painted by hand and surmounted by a white dove with outspread wings. The prize Prang cards are in styles which range from \$2 to \$5. One is the "New Jerusalem," the figure of an angelic bride, with cherubs bearing a scroll with the legend, "And I saw the New Jerusalem coming down from heaven." The other is the "Sun of Righteousness," whose rays represent wings, the wings which are to shed healing on the nations.

The average society man is said to be greatly exercised least, if he designs increase in beauty and pecuniary value, as they promise to do, the card which custom permits him to send with his Christmas or birthday gift to his "best girl," will, ere long, be commensurate with the worth of the gift itself.

A FARMER'S LIFE IS THE LIFE FOR ME.

I have earned money enough to buy a little home, and next month I am to bid good bye to the shop and go to Kwikaskia, Antrim, or Charlevoix County and try and find some one who is willing to exchange their land for my money.

Friends have urged me to go West, but a prairie seems monotonous to me. I like the hills, trees and lakes too well to leave "My Michigan."

Will some farmer or fruit grower who has had experience in Northern Michigan, please give a list of the best kinds of apple, pear, and plum trees to set out? I would also like to know if peaches, grapes, and raspberries will grow as far north as the counties mentioned above.

I have heard farmers in this part of the State say that good corn could not be raised north of Big Rapids—that the climate was too cold. Is it true? If not, what is the best kind of field corn to plant?

Are ladies admitted as students at the Agricultural College? I must study at home, but have two young sisters who would like to attend College and study Chemistry, Botany, and Horticulture.

I have read the FARMER but a short time—have been much interested in the opinions aired in the Household this winter.

I heartily endorse the good advice given the girls to learn to do housework, learn a trade, and learn the habits and principles of the men who ask them to be their wives. If a man uses liquor or tobacco tell him no. It is your privilege, and for your interest, to demand just as much as you give. Then demand sobriety for sobriety, virtue for virtue. If he drinks beer let him marry a girl who sips wine and smokes cigarettes. A pure, true woman cannot reasonably expect to have a happy home and healthy children if the husband and father is immoral, or stupefied with tobacco and alcohol.

Some may laugh at the idea of a shop girl trying farming, but I am sure I shall enjoy my freedom in sunshine and showers, and if I fail I can go back to the work-room or my former vocation—a servant girl in a farmer's kitchen.

ANNA G. ARLAND.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., March 27, '82.

LIVING FOR A PURPOSE.

I sometimes wonder when I look around me and note the progression, the eternal order and purpose of all living things, if there is ever, among any class of existing objects, anything but man or woman, which has not some definite purpose in existence. Every object in nature lives and develops coexistent with eternal law and purpose. One tiny seed, as we hold it in our hand, is of little moment. 'Tis only a promise of what may be, but plant it; soon its tender leaves will expand, then a fair, pure blossom unfold, breathing its delicate fragrance on the air. As the fragile petals wither and fall, we feel that its mission has been sweet, its brief life for a beautiful purpose.

Yet, great and holy a thing as is life, sublime as it may be made, thousands of men and women hold it as worthless a possession as a mere bubble, which a breath may dissolve. There is no thought for its glorious possibilities, no preparation for its sacred duties, no purpose to arouse its latent energies. If a solution of the never answered problem of so many miserable lives might be ventured, it would be this,—without purpose! To none is life so pitiful and hopeless, to none so sad and bewildering, as the aimless soul. Loss, sorrow, pain, loneliness, anything can be endured but the desolation of a purposeless life. That soul which drifts with the tide, seeing all around strong, earnest hearts, struggling bravely against great obstacles, sooner or later will awaken with a fearful shock to a comprehension of the purposes of existence, a realization of the lost opportunities of life. Terrible will be the awakening, and it will come to souls which might have been made so grand and great, had some noble purpose entered therein to guide the strong tide of human passion, to awaken sleeping life.

Lives there are, true, noble and strong, yet so sympathetic, so tender, that they sometimes "yield to sin through the best part of them." There is, leading to such souls, an avenue through which comes the influence which shatters or glorifies life. Others there are, "half good, half bad," with whom it seems but the chance of a straw whether they are lost or saved. Some powerful impress must be stamped upon their souls, if they be saved from themselves, from their own painful weakness. The world makes room for men and women of purpose. Purpose inspires, brings strength, and strength well directed increases success. By purpose is not meant momentary enthusiasm, continual unrest, unsatisfied longings; intensity burns, consuming the life power. That purpose which builds up the soul, which gives it strength before which, when conflict comes, all less worthy aims are banished, is a purpose for a purpose, deep, living, ever active, which, because it is always active, gathers strength at every possible opportunity.

'Tis this alone which rounds out character to perfection, gives pride and glory to life. Given this, to the weakest will come opportunities to do a noble work, opportunities to speak for the right in words which, gathering power and beauty from the strength of purpose and resolution, will burn away from some life the dross of ignorance and error.

STROG-MINDED GIRL.

LESLIE, March 1882.

What Charcoal Does.

Charcoal laid flat, white cold, on a burn, causes the pain to abate immediately; by leaving it on for

